

MINER COLEMAN

Volume 1, No. 23

The Palm

Call and try
our delicious

Coffee and Lunches

with

Boston Baked Beans

Fruits and Vegetables

Good eating Apples, Peaches, Pears,
Plums, Bananas, Oranges, Green
House Tomatoes, Watermelon
and Cantelopes on Ice

Confectionery

Have fresh Chocolates twice a week

Shake Old Man! Milk Shakes

Egg Noggs

Ice Cream, Sodas, and all kinds of

Soft Drinks

Ice Cream Wholesale and Retail

W. L. Bridgeford

Summit Lodge, No. 30
A. F. & A. M., G. R. A.
meets first Thursday in
the Masonic hall. Visiting
brethren made welcome.

John Westwood, W.M. D. J. McIntyre, Sec.

Coleman Aerie
1140, Fraternal
Order of Eagles

meets 2nd and last
Saturday monthly at 8 p.m. Visiting
brethren made welcome.

A. M. MORRISON, W.P. J. GRAHAM, W.S. Sec.

Knights of Pythias, Castle
Hall, Sentinel Lodge
No. 25

Meets second and fourth
Wednesday in Castle's
hall. Visitors welcome

C.C. J. W. FEWELL
K. R. & S. W. T. OSWINE

DR. JOHN WESTWOOD
Physician and Surgeon

Office: Miners' Union Hospital, 2nd
Street

Hours: 9 a.m. to 4.5 and 7.8 p.m.

T. Ede

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC

Blairmore Alberta

Macleod Business Cards

DR. BRUCE, SURGEON-DENTIST

Office over Young's Drug Store
Special attention to the extraction of the
natural teeth

Crown and Bridges work

Smoforons for the extraction of teeth

The safest anaesthetic known to the
profession

Visits Coleman monthly

CAMPBELL & FAWCETT

Barristers, Notary Publics

Office: Over Chow Sam's Restaurant

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

MCKENZIE, MCDONALD & WATT

Advocates, Notaries, Etc.

Head office, Macleod; Branch at Clarence
holm, Alberta.

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M. McKenzie, J. W. McDonald, J. R. Watt

COLIN MACLEOD

Solicitor

Barrister

Etc.

E. Disney

Contractor and Builder

Plans and specifications
prepared, estimates given
on all kinds of buildings.

Brick, Lime, Builders' Supplies

Lumber of All Kinds

COLEMAN PEBBLES

Happenings of Interest in and
Around this Bustling Town
You are Talked About

T. W. Davies is building two cot-
tages for T. Steele.

M. B. Stitt spent last Sunday at Hos-
mer visiting relatives.

Frank G. Graham has gone to Pen-
tiction, B.C., to visit his family.

R. P. Pettipiece has been nominated as
Socialist candidate for Medicine Hat.

W. A. Martin, manager for P. B.
Burns at Frank, was in town this week.

Rev. T. M. Murray will preach a La-
bor day sermon on Sunday evening next.

Miss E. A. Anthony has a position
at the West Canadian Co-Operative
store.

R. Bruce Scott of Bruce Gardens, B.C.,
is in town in the interests of the
fraternal lodges.

R. M. Book and son of Blair-
more, were visiting friends in Cole-
man yesterday.

Dr. Bechtel's name has been erased
from the list of physicians and sur-
geons for Alberta.

About fifty people from Coleman,
and from the band, visited
the Bishop of Calgary preached in St. Albin's church on Sunday last to a
large congregation.

J. E. Upton, of the tailoring firm of
Upton & Co., Pincher Creek, spent
Wednesday in Coleman.

W. E. Davies has a new stable built
at the back of his store. T. W. Davies
did the carpenter work.

W. P. McNeil, vice-president of the
H. W. McNeil Company of Canmore,
arrived in town on Tuesday.

Misses Clayton Morrison of the
"Pioneers" have added two more
new tables to their post room.

Rev. J. Sergeant, pastor of the
Methodist church, will preach next Sunday
in L.O.O.F. hall, at 3.30 o'clock.

Rev. Charles Hepworth will conduct
divine service in St. Albin's church on
Sunday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Look out for the programme of the
grand musical festival to be held in
the opera house on Friday, September
18th.

Hamer & Davies, carpenters, have
dislosed partnership. Mr. Davies is
now doing the carpenter business him-
self.

The Palm, formerly owned by
Graham & Bridgeford, has changed, and
Mr. C. L. Bridgeford is now the pro-
prietor.

A. Ely, representing the Northwest
Jobbing Company of Lethbridge, was
in town doing business the early part
of this week.

WANTED—Work of a general
household, washing, ironing, house
cleaning, etc. Apply to E. Large,
house 130, Coleman.

W. O. Taylor went to Pincher Creek
on labor day to assist in the instal-
lation of the D.O.K.O., a high degree
of the Knights of Pythias.

Jonathan Graham took a trip to
Nelson, Blue Berry Creek, Castlegar
Junction and other places of interest in
B.C., and he reports the fishing good.

E. Mathews, clerk at the Mercantile
store, went to Moose Jaw Sunday to
visit friends there. He returned
Monday evening having had a jolly

John B. Wilkie left last night for
Lethbridge to fill the office of secre-
tary to the manager of the Royal Collieries,
which mining company have moved
their offices there.

INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH—Pastor,
Rev. T. M. Murray. Services: Sab-
bath 11 a.m. 7.30 p.m. Sabbath school
11 a.m. 7.30 p.m. Christian Enter-
tainment, Wednesday 8 p.m.

The improvements to the Coleman
hotel will soon be completed. A con-
crete floor has been put in the base-
ment. The lavatories will be removed
to the basement, which will be great
improvement.

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The Woman In the Alcove.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
Author of "The Millions Baby," "The
Pilgrim's Call," "The House in the
Mist," "The Mystery of the
Bea," Etc.

Copyright, 1908, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In "The Woman in the Alcove" Anna Katharine Green has woven a plot of unusual intricacy and interest. The mystery is most cleverly unraveled through the agency of no professional detective, but by a young woman whose heart is enlisted in the cause of one of the suspects. She is made to tell her story with all the well-known skill of the author, which has won for her the highest place among American writers of stories of mystery.

CHAPTER I.

WAS perhaps the plainest girl in the room that night. I was also the happiest-up to 1 o'clock. Then my world crumbled, or at least suffered an eclipse. Why and how I am about to relate.

I was not made for love. This I had often said to myself, very often of late. In figure I am too diminutive, in face far too unattractive for me to cherish expectations of this nature. Indeed I have never been interested in the joys of life, as was evinced by the nurse's diploma I had just gained after three years of hard study and severe training.

I was not made for love. But if I had been, I had been gifted with height, regularity of feature or even with that eloquence of expression which redeems all缺点. I was not made for love of deformity. I knew well whom I could have chosen to please, whose heart I should have felt proud to win.

This knowledge came with a rush to my heart—did I say heart? I should have said understanding, which is something very different—at the end of the first dance I looked up from the midst of the bevy of girls by whom I was surrounded to see the most brilliant and gay figure emerging from that quarter of the hall where our host and hostess stood to receive their guests. His eye was roaming hither and thither, and his manner was both eager and expectant. Whom was he seeking? Some one of the many bright and vivacious girls about me, for he turned about instantly, our way. But which?

I thought I knew. I remembered at whose house I had met him first, at whose house I had seen him many times since. She was a lovely girl, witty and vivacious, and she stood at this very moment at my elbow. In her beauty lay the lure, the natural lure for a man of his gifts and striking personality. If I could but see her! I should soon be in the conservatory light up under the recognition she could not fail to give him. And I was right. In another instant it did, and with a brightness there was no mistaking. But one feeling common to the human heart lends such warmth, such expressiveness to the features. How handsome it made him look, how distinguished, how everything I was not excepted.

But it did not last long. He has passed Miss Sperry—passed her with a smile and a friendly word—and is speaking to me, singling me out, offering me his arm. He is smiling, too, not as he smiled on Miss Sperry, but more warmly, with more that is personal in it. I took his arm in a daze. The lights were dimmer than I thought. Nothing was more dim than the music. It seemed to change the world for me. I forgot that I was plain, forgot that I was small, with nothing to recommend me to the eye or heart, and let myself be drawn away, asking nothing, anticipating nothing, till I found myself alone with him in the fragrant recesses of the conservatory, with only the throb of music in our ears to link us to the scene we had left.

Why had he brought me here into this fairland of opulence and lights and intoxicating perfumes? What could he have to say—to show? Ah, in another moment I knew! He had seized my hands, and love, ardent love, came upon me.

Could it be real? Was I the object of all this feeling? If so, then life had changed for me indeed.

Silent from rush of emotion I searched his face to see if this paradise, whose gates I was thus passionately bidden to enter, was indeed a verity or only a dream born of the excitement of the dance and the charm of scene exceptional in its splendor and pictur-esque scenes for so luxurious a city as New York.

But there was no mere dream. Truth and earnestness were in his manner, and his words were neither febrile nor forced.

"I love you! I need you!" So I burst out, but somehow my voice was weak. "You have charmed me from the first. Your tantalizing, trusting, loyal self, like no other, sweater than any other, has drawn the heart from my breast. I have seen many women, admired many women, but you only have I loved. Will you be my wife?"

I was dazzled, moved beyond any. I had not been accustomed to such talk that I had not been able to make all that I had endeavored to impress upon my heart when I beheld him approaching, intent, as I believed, in his

search for another woman, and, confiding in his honesty, trusting entirely to him, I made the plan, the purpose of course to vanish in the glamour of new joy and spoke the word which linked us together in a bond which half an hour before I had never dreamed would unite me to any man.

His impassioned "mine, mine!" filled my cup to overflowing. Something of the ecstasy of living entered my soul, which in spite of all I had suffered was still there, for I had made all that went before the new joy.

Oh, I was happy, happy—perhaps too happy! "As the conservatory filled and we passed back into the adjoining room the glimpse I caught of myself in one of the mirrors startled me into thinking so, for had it not been for the odd combination of the two? I was in a way in which I wore my hair that night I should not have recognized the beaming girl who faced me so naively from the depths of the responsive glass.

Can one be too happy? I do not know. I know that one can be too perplexed, too burdened and too sad.

Thus far we have spoken only of myself in my new role as the evening's elaborate function; this was attained by my old Dutch blood to a certain social consideration which I am happy to say never failed me, I even in this hour of supreme satisfaction attracted very little attention and drew small comment. There was another to receive a fair woman, large and of a beautiful figure, who seemed intent on conquest and gifted with the power of carrying off her victories with a certain easy grace irresistibly fascinating to the ordinary man; a gorgeously apparelled woman, with a diamond on her breast too vivid for most women, almost too vivid for her. I noticed this diamond early in the evening, and then again, when I was seated near the diamond, but she was very fair, and had I been in a less excentric frame of mind I might have envied the homage she received from all the men, not excepting him upon whose arm I leaned. Later there was no one in the world I envied less.

The ball was a private and very elegant one. There were some notable exceptions. One man, a plain, portly gentleman, was pointed out to me as an Englishman of great distinction and political importance. I thought him a very interesting man for his years, but odd and a trifle self centered. Though greatly courted, he seemed strangely restless under the fire of eyes to which he was constantly subjected and only half free to use his own in reciprocation. The scene was him. Had I been less absorbed in my own happiness I might have noted sooner than I did that this contemplation was confined to such groups as gathered about the lady with the diamond. But this I failed to observe at the time, and consequently was much surprised to come upon him in the course of a dance, talking with this lady in an animated and courtly manner totally opposed to the apathy, amounting to boredom, with which he had hitherto met all advances.

Yet it was not admiration for her person which he openly displayed. During the whole time he stood there his eyes seldom rose to her face. They lingered, however, on the great fan of ostrich plumes which this opulent beauty held against her breast. Was he desirous of seeing the great diamond she thus unconsciously (or was it consciously) shielded from his gaze? It was possible, for as I continued to note him, he suddenly bent toward her and as quickly raised himself again, as was quite impossible to me. The lady had shifted her fan a moment, and her eyes had fallen on the gem.

The next thing I recall with any definiteness was a tête-à-tête conversation which I held with my lover at a certain lowly dian at the end of one of the halls.

To the right of this dian was a cupboards, highly suggestive of romance, called "the alcove." As this alcove figure prominently in my story, I will pause here to describe it.

It was originally intended to contain a large group of statuary which our host, Mr. Hamadell, had ordered from Italy to adorn his new house. He is a man of original ideas in regard to such matters as this. In this instance he had so far as to have this group of the house decorated with special views to an advantageous display of this promised work of art. Fearing the ponderous effect of a pedestal large enough to hold such a considerable group, he had planned to raise it to the level of the floor by having the alcove floor built a few feet higher than the main one. A flight of low, wide steps connected the wall, added much to the beauty of this portion of exceptional beauty.

The group was a failure. But the alcove remained, and, possessing as it did all the advantages of a room in the way of heat and light had been turned into a miniature alcove of exceptional beauty.

For so we were happy to think, to the soft divan at its base on which Mr. Durand and I were seated. With possibly an undue confidence in the advantages of our position, we were discussing a subject interesting only ourselves when Mr. Durand interrupted to declare: "You are the woman I am trying to win you to, and I want you soon. When do you think you can marry me? Within a week—if I can."

My look stop him? I was startled. I had heard no incoherent phrase from him before.

"A week?" I remonstrated. "We take more time than that to fit ourselves for a journey of some transient pleasure."

I hardly realize my engagement yet. You are not even thinking of it for these last two months as I am."

"No," I replied dumbly, forgetting everything else in my delight at this admission.

"Are you a nomad among clubs and restaurants?"

"No, I have a home."

"Then I thought open to argument.

"The home you speak of is a luxury one," he continued. "I cannot offer you its equal. Do you expect me to be indigent."

"You know that I do not. Shall I who deliberately chose a nurse's life when an indulgent uncle's heart and home were open to me shrink from having property with the man I love? We will begin as simply as you please!"

"No," he peremptorily put in, yet with a certain hesitancy which seemed to speak of doubt, he hardly acknowledged to himself, "I will not marry you if I cannot excuse you to privation or to the gentle poverty of life. I love you more than you realize and I will make your life a happy one. I cannot give you all you have been accustomed to in your rich uncle's house, but if matters prosper with me, if the chance I have built on succeeds—and it will fall or succeed tonight—you will have those comforts which love will heighten."

He was becoming indignant and this time with his own blood elsewhere than on my face. Following his gaze, I discovered what had distracted his attention. The lady with the diamond was approaching us on her way to the alcove. She was accompanied by two gentlemen, both strangers to me, and her head, sparkling with brilliants, was turned from one to the other with an indolent grace. I was surprised that the man at my side quivered and made a start as if to rise. She was a gorgeous image. In comparison with her imposing figure in its trailing robe of rich pink velvet my diminutive figure in its sea green gown must have looked a faded and colorless as a half obliterated pastel.

She was a woman of taste, I saw he was not likely to resume as conversation which her presence had interrupted. "And what a diamond!"

The glance he cast me was peculiar. "Did you notice it particularly?" he asked.

Astonished, there was something very uneasy in his manner, so that I was compelled to turn my head and join the group he was so expertly watching without waiting for my lips to frame a response, I quickly replied:

"It would be difficult not to notice what one would naturally expect to see only on the breast of a queen. But perhaps she is a queen. I should judge so from the homage which follows her."

Her eyes sought mine. There was languor in them, but it was an inquiry I did not understand.

"What can you know about diamonds?" I presently demanded. "Nothing but their glitter, and glitter is not all. The gem she wears may be a very tawdry one."

I flushed with humiliation. He was looking now both anxious and absorbed—particularly anxious and particularly absorbed—so much so that I was not surprised that no one ventured to approach him. I was about to speak again I asked myself for whom or for what he was waiting. For Mr. Durand to leave this girl's presence? No, not I. I would not believe that. Mr. Durand could not be there still, yet some would make it difficult for a man to leave them, and, realizing this, I could not forbear casting a parting glance behind me as I yielded to Mr. Fox. I moved toward the supper room. It showed me the Englishman in the act of lifting two cups of coffee from a small table standing near the reception room door. As his manner plainly betokened whether he was bound with this refreshment, I felt all my uneasiness vanish and was able to smile at him. The room was large, with which the supper room was filled and for a few minutes at least lend an ear to Mr. Fox's rapid compliment and critical opinions. Then my attention waned.

I had not moved nor had I shifted my gaze from the scene before me—the ordinary scene of a gay and well dressed party—when I was suddenly assailed, as if from a mist I had not even developed, at something as strange, unusual and remote as any phantasm, yet distasteful enough in its outline for me to get a decided impression of a square of light surrounding the figure of a man in a peculiar pose not easily imagined and not easily described. I was in the supper room, and I sat staring at the window opposite with the feeling of one who has just seen a vision. Yet almost immediately I forgot the whole occurrence in my anxiety as to Mr. Durand's whereabouts. Certainly he was amusing himself very much elsewhere or he would have found an opportunity of joining me long before this. He was not seen again, and I gazed with the endless menu and the senseless chitchat of my companion and, finding him amenable to my whims, rose from my seat at table and made my way to a group of acquaintances standing just outside the supper room door. As I listened to their greetings some impulse led me to cast another glance down the hallway toward the alcove, where a gathering of ladies was in progress. I was in a rush. Bad was in his face, and as his eyes encountered those of Mr. Hamadell, he was advancing hurriedly to meet him, he plunged down the steps with a cry which drew a crowd about the two in an instant.

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Was Mrs. Fairbrother the lady with the diamond? Yes. As I turned to enter the room with my party, I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Durand's fair figure just disappearing from the step behind the sage green curtains.

"Who is Mrs. Fairbrother?" I inquired of Mr. Fox at the end of the dance.

Mr. Fox, who is one of society's perennial beau, knew everybody.

"She is well, she was never Fairbrother's wife. You know Fairbrother's wife? You know Fairbrother's wife?"

"Yes—that is, I am distance. Do you know her?"

"Mrs. Fairbrother? She's called so, but she's not my style." Here he gave me a killing glance. "I admire women of mind and heart. They do not need to wear jewels worth an ordinary man's fortune."

I looked about for an excuse to leave this more than decent partner.

"I must be off. I am not a good dancer." Here the gentleman was making me dizzy.

With the ease of a gallant man he took me on his arm, and soon we were promenading again in the direction of the alcove. A passing glimpse of its interior was afforded me as we turned to retrace our steps in front of the yellow door.

"I am becoming indignant and this time with his own blood elsewhere than on my face. Following his gaze, I discovered what had distracted his attention. The lady with the diamond was approaching us on her way to the alcove. She was accompanied by two gentlemen, both strangers to me, and her head, sparkling with brilliants, was turned from one to the other with an indolent grace. I was surprised that the man at my side quivered and made a start as if to rise. She was a gorgeous image. In comparison with her imposing figure in its trailing robe of rich pink velvet my diminutive figure in its sea green gown must have looked a faded and colorless as a half obliterated pastel.

She was a woman of taste, I saw he was not likely to resume as conversation which her presence had interrupted. "And what a diamond!"

The glance he cast me was peculiar. "Did you notice it particularly?" he asked.

Astonished, there was something very uneasy in his manner, so that I was compelled to turn my head and join the group he was so expertly watching without waiting for my lips to frame a response, I quickly replied:

"It would be difficult not to notice what one would naturally expect to see only on the breast of a queen. But perhaps she is a queen. I should judge so from the homage which follows her."

It was a direct hit. I could not understand as if it were a bolt from the blue. I was still there, in the alcove, with the group behind me, and the senseless chitchat of my companion and, finding him amenable to my whims, rose from my seat at table and made my way to a group of acquaintances standing just outside the supper room door. As I listened to their greetings some impulse led me to cast another glance down the hallway toward the alcove, where a gathering of ladies was in progress. I was in a rush. Bad was in his face, and as his eyes encountered those of Mr. Hamadell, he was advancing hurriedly to meet him, he plunged down the steps with a cry which drew a crowd about the two in an instant.

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Celluloid Starch
Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking
The Bradford Starch Works, Limited, Bradford, Canada

Snow Trains.

At a recent dinner, General F. D. Grant said of a slow railway in the South:

This line was so slow that the people took to lampooning it in the press. Thus, one Decoration Day a painter went to the station master, the leading painter of his district, and said:

"The Editor of the *Rapier*,—Dear Sir!—Is there no way to put a stop to beginning along the line of railroad? For instance, yesterday an aged veteran with a wooden leg, keeping with the afternoon express all the way from Paint Rock to Nola Chucky, and annoyed the passengers exceedingly, going from one open window to another, with his impudent so-lifications.—*Boston Globe*.

He Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses both of Dr. D. L. Morris' Electric Oil is armed against all colds, a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a "sprain" and the most persistent cold, will speedily remove all cold symptoms. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

Courage and Patience.—If you imagine that you "have a kick coming," just think of Mrs. Bell Cook, aged 87 years, and bed-ridden for 53 years, supporting her ailing all that time. She certainly gives an example of courage and patience that calls for admiration.—*New York Herald*.

Minard's Liniment, used by Physicians.

"No," explained Mrs. Laylop, "Johnny says he wasn't bitten by the snake, but I'm not going to take any chances. I shall have him examined just as soon as I can get him to the doctor."—*New York Times*.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.—The owners of this snake will be pleased to know that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarach. Hall's Catarach, commonly known as "the disease known to the medical fraternity," requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarach is a constitutional, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in the work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Clara—When Tom proposed to me he admitted that he had more money than brains.

Marie—Well, I've no reason to doubt it, although I understand he hasn't a dollar to his name.—*Chicago News*.

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"Voracity!" retorted the witness. "I should say I did. He used to board with me and I lost money on him right along."

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"Oh, I don't mind that," laughed the handsome young man in the big racing machine. "You know a miss is as good as a mile."

"That may be," she replied, "but I am a widow; I am a widow."—*Chicago News*.

**Fine Care
Fine Hair**
It's fine care that makes fine hair! Use Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, systematically, conscientiously, and you will get results. We know it stops falling hair, cures dandruff, and is a most elegant dressing. Entirely new. New bottle. New contents.
Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle
Sew it to your
Ask him about it,
then do he says

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, is the latest, most scientific, and in every way the very best hair tonic ever made. It is the great tonic of the market. For falling hair and dandruff it is the one great medicine.

Made by the Z. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

BOLIVIAN INDIANS.

The Majority Are Semi-intoxicated From the Cradle-to-the-Grave.

The Indian women of Bolivia are usually superior to their lords in actual intelligence; also in age, as a rule.

They earn the larger share of their mutual "living" and take the lead in most things.

As recognized head of the house the Bolivian Indian wife is much more likely to thrash her comparatively timid spouse than he is to ill-use her.

In the markets, when produce has to be disposed of, she can drive a fat better bargain than he could; she can carry as heavy burdens, endure as much privation and physical toll, labor, chew as much coca and drink as much strong drink.

Little or no money passes among the Bolivian Indians, their medium of exchange being whatever they may raise or the labor of their hands. They will eat when not hungry, drink when not thirsty, sleep when not sleepy, any where and whenever opportunity offers against the usual norm," they say.

The majority are in a state of semi-intoxication from babyhood to the grave, alcohol being used on every pretext, freely as their means will allow, on occasions of births, deaths and feast days—the last named being remarkably frequent.—*Boston Globe*.

HIS COAT OF ARMS.

Was Fairly Earned Since He Described From a King.

A man applied to the college of heraldry for a coat of arms, saying he was in the Cornell family, and was asked if any of his ancestors had been renowned for any singular achievements. The man paused and considered, but could recollect nothing.

"Your father," said the herald, aiding his memory, "your grandfather, your great-grandfather?"

"No," returned the applicant; "I never heard that I had a great-grandfather or a grandfather."

"Of yourself?" asked this creator of dignity.

"I know nothing remarkable of myself," returned the man, "only that, being once locked up in Ludgate prison for debt, I found means to escape from an upper window, and so forth."

"I have it!" said the herald. "You are Lincoln, descended from King Laid! And his coat of arms will do for you."

Attacks of cholera and dysentery come quickly, there seldom being any warning of the visit. Remedial action must be taken just as quickly if the disease is to be checked, before suffering and permanent injury to the lining membranes of the bowels. The remedy is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Detergent Cereal. It can be got at small cost, at any drug store or general dealer's, and it will afford relief before a doctor can be called.

Mrs. Houlihan (sobbing)—I never saw Johnny say he wasn't bitten by the snake, but I'm not going to take any chances. I shall have him examined just as soon as I can get him to the doctor."—*New York Times*.

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12 Reasons Why You Should Buy Burton City Fruit Land

1. It is good soil, clay loam. 2. It is free from stone. 3. It is level land. 4. It is well watered. Running water can be put in every house. 5. The front on the lake. 6. The best of transportation. Two boats daily. 7. You are close to good hunting, fishing and boating. 8. The land is easily cleared. 9. It is the centre of the fruit growing district of B.C., with orchards on the adjoining blocks. 10. The title is good. 11. It is close to town and market. 12. Our price is low and terms easy.

J. E. Annable
NELSON, B. C.

The largest individual owner
of Fruit Lands in the Kootenay

DR. HEWETSON

At office 2nd door east of Hudson Bay Stores
from 10 to 11 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.
At office and in waiting room, night and day, in
waiting room and ring up No. 10. At Pincher
City office, Wednesday from 4 to 6 p.m. or by
appointment. Telephone numbers: Office, 300; resi-
dence, 38.

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Modern Dentistry in all its Branches.

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W. P. Laidlaw

General Hardware
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The sporting season has now commenced, and we have a good supply of Guns and Ammunition. What about painting your house this fall? We have a large stock of Martin-Senour 100% pure mixed Paints on hand, also White Lead, Boiled and Raw Oils, Turpentine, Paint Brushes, etc., etc.

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of all descriptions
and at all prices

Repairing a Specialty

F. W. LINDSAY

Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Jeweler
and Optician.

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When in Town call at the

Alberta Hotel

which is now under new
management. A hotel
which makes you feel at
home

The Farmers' and Ranchers'
Headquarters

Excellent Table
Bar Up-to-Date

F. M. Collins J. E. Shouiss
Proprietors

Pincher Creek Alberta

THE PRE-EMPTED LAND

There seems to be considerable misunderstanding as to the actual principles under which the new pre-empted land act operates. The doubt is expressed as to the limitations on the privileges of homesteaders and the relations of the general public.

The act specifically gives homesteaders in good standing prior rights up to the night of Sept. 15.

All odd-numbered sections lying next to even-numbered sections upon which a homesteader resides are reserved for the homesteader until the 15th.

After the 15th the priority rights cease and the homesteader would have to take his chances with anyone else.

It would probably prevent crushing and crowding in the Dominion lands office if the homesteader realized that his place in line doesn't make any difference. So long as he is in the Dominion lands office building at closing time on the 15th his priority claim remains good and the officials will reserve his application until his opportunity comes for being attended to.

The question then arises, can no one but homesteaders file claims for odd-numbered sections until after the 15th instant? The answer is, Yes. Anyone can apply, providing the odd-numbered section does not adjoin land now occupied by a homesteader. The public lands office has application privileges.

Mr. McLean shipped fifteen cars of cattle to Montreal for export on Monday last.

Pincher Creek defeated the Peigan ball game on labor day.

Score, 34-0.

Mr. Dunphy was setting up the cigars. He is wearing a smile that won't come off, and says that it is a girl.

Robert Laidlaw has gone to Magrath, where he has secured a position with the Alberta Pacific Elevator Co.

Cranbrook Herald: W. E. McDermott, manager at Bruckett, is in the city on a week's vacation, accompanied by his sister.

Among those who succeeded in obtaining a homestead in the rush at Lethbridge were, Fred, Hughes and Howard Ryan.

W. R. Dabbie has commenced threshing his fall wheat in the large field just west of here. The yield has not been stated.

The many friends of Mrs. W. H. Read will be pleased to learn that she arrived safely in the old country after a pleasant voyage.

A year ago to-morrow we had two feet of snow on the ground and the crop still unharvested. We presume the frost will not all those dependent upon them will be in a better frame of mind on September 12th this year.

A considerable amount of threshing has already been done in this district, thus many of the farmers are out of suspense as to the security of this year's crop. It seems to be a prosperity of all in the district for this year. There has been no frost so far to even hurt the potatoes, consequently the grade will be high in addition to an enormous yield.

Use "New Life," the world's greatest guaranteed cure for indigestion.

Mr. Baker, government inspector for this district, were amongst those who spent an enjoyable outing on the 15th.

It seems to be a good year for the oats and barley, and the wheat is in good condition.

Howard Ryan, who has

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For Sale

One Dayton Computing scale, suitable for grocery store, cheap. Apply to the Pincher City News.

W. H. KELLY

The Painter

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Company and Private Funds to Loan

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New Life

FOR

Stomach
Trouble

PINCHER CITY

W. J. Kemp is at Macleod on a business trip.

Fred Horwood left Monday for the old country.

The gentle zephyrs are again making themselves felt.

Claude Campbell of Claresholm, was in the City on Sunday.

Miss Hogen spent Sunday at T. Elliot's at Summerview.

Mr. Angus Robertson is at Lethbridge for a few days this week.

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Angel's Fad.

By ANNA MUNSON.

Copyrighted, 1906, by Associated Literary Press.

Michael Angelo Moultrie was his name, and the diminutive of "Angel," festoed upon him by a doting mother, was well applied. At least this was the opinion of other tenants in the big Burlington apartment house.

Angel was eight years old, but he scarcely looked six, with his long golden curls and ethereal beauty. In his velvet suit he suggested some child of the Louvre, and his blue eyes held over into an age of Buster Brown.

Mrs. Moultrie was possessed of a theory that as the child is named so are the tastes incline, and she had set her upon being a painter.

Angel's splotchy water colors were carefully preserved in a huge portfolio against the day they should become the priceless mementos of a world famous painter's genius.

The only child of a widowed mother, Angel was about as badly spoilt as a boy could be and yet escape the reform school, but his seraphic countenance and his big innocent eyes had enabled him to successfully lie out of complicity in many juvenile crimes. Though the poor boy of his parents' sins was the author of all the mischief, even their own fond mothers believed them to be in a conspiracy to destroy the fair fame of the model child.

Angel was quick to perceive his popularity, and with unerring instinct he found his way to those apartments where the rich and famous had their abode. He seemed to know when callers and offerings of candy had visited the different young women, and his own calls were scheduled for the following day.

His one exception was Nannie Dimmick, Nannie seldom entered callers of the sort Angel most approved. No five pounds boxes of sweets lay upon her table, and no great bouquets of flowers scented the room, yet Angel liked best of all to visit at the Dimmick apartment, for there was a certain tenderness in Nannie Dimmick's manner of which Angel approved most highly.

"She always looks like she's going to cry," he had told his mother in an endeavor to discover Nannie's peculiar character. "She looks like she's going to cry, but she doesn't. She just holds you tight in her arms, and then she's glad and sorry all at once."

Clearly this blending of emotions appealed to Angel, for he was a regular visitor to the Dimmick apartment, and the girl found out comfort in his presence.

Nannie rarely needed comfort, for the look of sadness in her eyes depended as the weeks sped by with no word from Arthur Ryder. When he had come to her with his face afame with happiness to tell her that he had found his chance at last, that the firm had decided to send him on a tour of the African and Asiatic countries to introduce them to the world seemed that fate, with kindly hands, had swept barriers from their path.

"It will be the making of me," Arthur had explained. "I start at Cape Town and work up the east coast of Africa, then cross to Asia and so up to China. It will take about eighteen months, but if I make success I shall be rich, and the firm and we can be married, dear."

Mrs. Dimmick had refused to listen to an engagement. Time enough for when Arthur came back, she had told them. An engagement of a year and a half would be worse than useless.

It would deprive Nannie of many pleasures, and no formal engagement would be of any use. If they both were of the same mind when Arthur should return there would be no opposition to a short engagement and an early marriage.

And so Arthur had gone on his long journey with gladness in his heart, for Nannie had assured him that it did not need the formality of ring and engagement ring to ratify the promptings of her heart.

First had come glowing letters from London and from Cape Town, letters that breathed of hope and love, then blank silence. For more than a year not a letter in the familiar handwriting had been received, though an inquiry at the office of the firm elicited the information that Mr. Ryder was not only alive, but exceedingly well, according to his report to the home office.

Mrs. Dimmick had stormed at what she had termed his discourtesy, but Nannie would not listen to her mother's urgencies that she go more into society and forget the affront.

In spite of everything she still loved Ryder, though torn to pieces by the fact that even to herself, and she had no heart for the bustle and stir of social events. She preferred to stay at home and tell Angel the fairy tales in which he delighted.

She was telling for the hundredth time one of his favorite tales when Mrs. Dimmick came into the room with an envelope.

"A cablegram for you," she announced coldly.

With trembling hands Nannie opened the blue and white envelope and drew out the slip. Her expression changed as she read.

"It is from Arthur," she said quietly.

"He is writing from Japan."

"And what does it do him?" was the sympathetic reply. "This is a nice time to hear from him. It's more than a year since he stopped writing. I suppose that you will let him write you again."

some flimsy excuse and be as crazy about him as ever."

"It will take a very excellent excuse to get him to write, said Nannie dully. "Unless he has some legitimate reason to offer I shall refuse to see him."

Gently she put Angel from her lap and slipped off to her room. Angel munched the last of the little cake brought in for his refreshment and took his nap.

Some weeks later Angel, playing about the lobby, observed a stranger enter and drew near to the telephone desk to learn his destination. Angel was interested in young and good looking strangers as a possible increase in the number of purveyors of candy.

His father, in an expression of surprise as the operator turned an answer that Miss Dimmick was not at home.

"She was there a little while ago," insisted Angel, selfishly interested in the stranger's success.

The operator flashed an angry glance at him which caused Angel to subside, and the stranger left the lobby with an air of decision to differ from the springy step with which he had entered.

The next day he came again and asked that a note be sent upstairs. He waited for the answer and read it before he turned to leave. Angel followed him to the street.

"Say, sir," he said, "are you the fellow Miss Nannie used to like?"

"Why?" asked Ryder, parrying question with question.

"Because she's on you because you didn't write," continued Angel. "Are you the fellow?"

Ryder nodded, and after a moment's hesitation: "Angel, continued:

"On the level, I didn't mean to do nothing, but I took the letters for my collection."

"You are collecting letters?" asked Ryder, hardly comprehending the confession.

"Stamps," explained the Angel. "They were bulky stamps. I didn't suppose Miss Nannie would care. Ma gets lots of letters that she throws into the fire without reading, so I hooked the envelope with the front flap. That's why she looks like she always wants to cry. I didn't think of it until the other day. Then I waited until I saw whether you made it."

Ryder's face grew black as at last he realized what the boy was saying, but Angel's eyes were again his salvation, and the boy was safe.

"Go up and tell Miss Dimmick what you have told me," commanded Ryder.

"Tell her that I wrote every steamer spite of the fact I received no replies. Tell her that I have been half frantic. Have you the letters that you can?"

"Bounced 'em," explained Angel. "They had no business leaving the mail out on the table where any one could swipe 'em. The elevator boy got most of the picture cards. I don't collect post cards," he added virtuously as though this were some extenuation of his fault.

Ryder paced the sidewalk while Angel waited to make his confession. It was a long quarter hour, but at last Angel, his face white and scared, appeared best of all to visit at the Dimmick apartment, for there was a certain tenderness in Nannie Dimmick's manner of which Angel approved most highly.

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"It is from Arthur," she said quietly.

"He is writing from Japan."

"And what does it do him?" was the sympathetic reply. "This is a nice time to hear from him. It's more than a year since he stopped writing. I suppose that you will let him write you again."

And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

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HELPLESS WITH SALT RHEUM.

A LADY WAS CURED BY DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Such is the testimony of Mr. Ludger Duguay, Pidgeon Hill, Quebec. This is a common story. Thousands of people have recovered of Itch, Eczema, or Salt Rheum, etc., by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Salt Rheum is one of the most important of skin diseases. It occurs anywhere at any time, and on any part of the skin, as a rash, suddenly breaking out in sores discharging water. Unless something is done to stop this discharge, crust will form, which signifies an advanced stage, and the disagreeable disease, from the first application of this ointment stops itching, loosens the congested matter or scab, thoroughly cleanses the sore, and after all dirt and poison have been taken out, it allows nature to heal the affected part through its agency, pure blood. Herbs are the words of Mr. Ludger Duguay, Pidgeon Hill, Quebec.

"The experience which my wife has had with Dr. Chase's Ointment for eczema and salt rheum is of very great importance, because for many months she was not able to serve herself with her hands. Since having the Dr. Chase's Ointment she has been entirely cured."

In the most simple as well as the most aggravated skin irritation or eruption, this ointment is certain to give highly satisfactory results, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmundson's, Boston & Co., Toronto.

Carries is Canadian.

The celebration of the founding of Quebec will be in effect, an imposing demonstration in honor of the Anglo-French entente cordiale. For a century and a half Canada was French; from the victory of Wolfe in 1759, however, it became English. The 100th anniversary of the birth of Queen Victoria, 1819, will be the highlight of the celebration. Canada is Canadian and all Canadians can join proudly in this truly national festival—Buffalo International.

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and chicory, clean the skin, interstitia, and glands of deleterious matter and restore the damaged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available to-day. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion.

"When I started in business," said Mr. Dustin Stax, reflectively, "I never solved never kept your secret?"

"Yes. Whenever I had any delicate business of that sort I had I hired an expert."—Washington Star.

BRIGHT LITTLE ONES. MAKE HOMES BRIGHT.

Babies that are well sleep well, eat well, and play well. A child that is not well-cared for and playful needs immediate attention, and all the world there is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for curing indigestion, constipation, diarrhea, teething trouble, and the various disorders from which young children suffer. The mother who uses this medicine has the guarantee of a government analyst that it is absolutely safe. Mrs. J. L. Janes, St. Sylvester, N. Y., finds Baby's Own Tablets the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used for constipation, teething troubles and breaking up colds. Every mother should have a box in their medicine cabinet."—Sold by medicine dealers or Dr. Stax at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brooklyn, Ont.

The Log Line. Officers on the coastwise and foreign steamship lines are not limited to their regular duties, but are expected to answer the questions of curious passengers besides. Sometimes, however, the passengers take the matter into their own hands and instruct other passengers to do the same.

The person on a well known liner tells of a lady who had made a passage before and who in consequence felt a superior knowledge of maritime things.

Several ladies were grouped in the stern, this one among them, when their attention was attracted by the log with a long line attached to the rail.

"What can that be?" inquired one of the girls.

"That's all," replied the girl. "It's the log line, I suppose."—The Log Line.

"Simpkins refuses to have his flat papered," reported the agent of the building.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the owner.

"He claims they haven't room enough as it is."—Judge.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

"Johnny, why don't you be a good boy like your brother Willy?" the mother was sternly admonishing her naughty son. "Willy here may be a good boy, but he's a bad boy."

"He claims they haven't room enough as it is."—Judge.

"Willy, you're a bad boy."—Mother.

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Pincher City - - Pincher City

This will be good reading for you, and especially so to those who are so fortunate as to own some of Pincher City's realty, and there are quite a number who are fortunate, to hear and to know that Pincher City has a good supply of pure water. The "no water" cry has been persistently used against the progress of Pincher City and has had a telling effect on its progress, and especially with those who are not familiar with the location of Pincher City, it may be news to some of you to know that a complete gravity water works system can be installed in Pincher City, for what it is estimated it will cost to protect our neighboring town property, from the encroachment of its turbulent creek, which proves conclusively that the "no water" cry is a myth, and always has been, and has been used against Pincher City to retard its growth. This mythical cry, "no water," together with the money stringency that has prevailed for the past year, not only in this district but all over the American continent, has kept Pincher City from forging ahead to the rank where it belongs. But now the money stringency is a thing of the past and the cry of "no water supply" has gone the same road, there is no reason why Pincher City should not begin its second growth, and the second growth of any town always exceeds the first. The most difficult part of starting a new town is laying the foundation; the foundation of Pincher City is laid.

Thousands of dollars are invested in Pincher City, which gives it stability backed by a large fertile country which is fast being brought under cultivation, having excellent railway facilities, fine wagon road connections with the surrounding country, good public school, church, stores, elevators and pure water, we feel as if we were not asking you to assume any risk, when we ask you to invest in property here with a view of becoming a resident of Pincher City.

We want people who will help build up the town, who have a mind of their own, can think and act for themselves, and who can not be influenced by people who are willing to give them financial and other advice to further their own interests, these are the kind of people that we want to help us build up Pincher City. We think Pincher City is going to grow, and grow fast, and to those who would like to help make it grow we will give special inducements.

The Pincher Townsite Company Galvin & Hatfield, Managers

For Sale

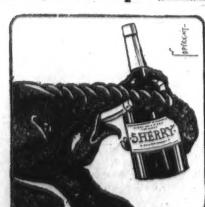
First class cottage, five rooms besides pantry, clothes closet and coal shed. Plastered with wood fibre. Desirable locality. Terms very easy. Apply to D. J. McINTYRE

T. W. Davies

Builder and Contractor
Estimates given free of charge.
All work done promptly.

Repairs of All Kinds

Coleman Liquor Store



In Your Trunk

snugly packed where its handy to get at is a good place to put a bottle of
Good Old Sherry
before leaving to take that trip. If you want to add a bottle of house wine, or a bottle of Bourbon we can supply it. Our store is the precise place to get good liquors at. Prices are always reasonable.

W. EVANS

Wholesale Liquor Dealer

R. ADDISON

Funeral Director
and Embalmer
Office Victoria Street

Phone 63 Residence Phone 28

Blairmore - Alberta

Saturday Specials

Spring Lamb
Spring Chicken
Fresh Turkey
Empire Creamery Butter
Fresh laid Eggs

P. Burns & Co. Limited

Laundry
Goods called for and
refunded to any part of
town. Best of work.
Careful attention given
to all orders.

C. L. Gooey Proprietor

Dray Line

The only reliable dray
line in town. ALL OU-
DERS PROMPTLY AT-
TENDED TO. Leave your
cigar with the man
behind the gun.

Good Horses and Reliable Men

Thomas Plant Proprietor

When You Are Buying FLOUR

Take a good look at the SACK
and see that the UNION LABEL
of the

International Union of Flour and Cereal
Mill Employees

is the same.

Pride of Alberta Mother's Favorite

Made by the

Taylor Milling & Elevator Co.
Limited

The First Unionized Flour and

Cereal Employees in Canada

No matter what your

dealer may tell you

NONE is UNION without it.

Coleman

Livery

Every attention
given to travel-
lers and the local
public

Reliable Horses, Good Rigs
General Draying Business Done
Wm. Haley, Proprietor

For Sale

Comfortable four-roomed house, pan-
try, cellar, water and two lots, includ-
ing two houses, barn, stable, hen-
house and good garden. Apply to
J. MARCOLLI, Blairmore

Spring Painting

Have the undersigned renovate
that house or place of business
of yours. It will preserve the
building and make you more
cheerful.

Kalsomining

Paper Hanging
Graining
Sign Writing

Sellers & Slemmon

Town Lots

Houses and Lots for Sale

in the cleanest and best town in
The Crow's Nest Pass

High Grade Steam and Coking Coal

We manufacture The Finest Coke on the continent

Correspondence solicited at the

Head office, Coleman

International Coal & Coke Co. Limited

isters are much like other men. A few good, and the majority from wives, are intelligent and sky-pilots are noble souls, while others are mere theological parrots, chattering a lot of boiler-plate matter about a dead past and a misty future, merely for the social standing that goes with clerical suit of clothes and a white necktie.

The majority of persons do not believe what they preach. If they do, they are better suited and annoy the public with their insatiable views upon the way we should live. We admire a preacher who does not get drunk upon theological dope until he becomes a "pioneer" in the community, but who in a manly way stands up and fights the enemy without becoming a bore, a gossip or a knocker. All evil is but undevolved greed, but it requires an expert to make the transformation, and we regret to say that few men in the clerical profession have as yet discovered the combination. They live in mud without being able to get telephone connection with the divine ether that floats high above the puddles and muddles of this fear-crazed and half-clerked universe. Verily, brethren, one-tenth of the so-called ministers of the gospel will have to be born again several times before they will discover the spiritual serum that kills all sin and fills the human race with that which never pinches out.

\$10.00 CASH, \$10.00 A MONTH

Nothing cheaper in this country, for 10 acres of excellent fruit land, in B.C. No one else in the fruit land business has anything like this low price. \$10 per month for 10 years, will make you independent in a short while, an lord of your own affairs. Apply at the Coleman "Miner" office.

JOE MARTIN EXPLAINS SIR WILFRID'S DEFECTION

Tariffs and political morality formed the basis of a discussion the other day at the Free Trade congress. Joe Martin said that while Lord Balfour's government came into power the people voted in favor of free trade. He attributed the subsequent change to two causes, those in favor of protection had money to spend, and those in favor of free trade and his colleagues were not able to resist the insidious attack against them. So successful were these attacks that the protectionist principles had got into the British body of men, whose head was such an ardent free-trader as Churchill. A British trade commissioner had been sent to Canada and his report was filled with protective arguments.